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TENEBRAE,

OR, THE HIGHER FATALISM.

BAIRD PRIZE POEM.

SWEET Angel, do not breezes sometimes bring  
From summer lands the perfume of the spring,  
Before love's might had stirred the sleeping bud,  
When thoughtless as the spring birds thou didst sing?

There was a time—how long ago it seems!  
When thou wert but the promise of my dreams,  
A momentary smile midst frowns of hate,  
A distant star with only fitful gleams.

Much have I marvelled, Sweet, that thou shouldst leave  
That land of dreams, where the Immortals weave  
Love's chaplets, trusted to these ruder hands,  
That for their ministries thou ne'er dost grieve.

Yea, marvelled as some sweet and timid child  
Into the dim cathedral gloom beguiled,  
Bewildered by its mournful, pictured woes,  
And by its wondrous music, sad and wild.

But when upon the Virgin's face his gaze  
He turns with stranger wondering and amaze,  
Forth from that Human Mother's face there glows  
A love that warms him with divinest rays.

So gazed I on thee until thou didst deign,  
Midst shadows of my gloomy eve to reign  
A lamp divine, of softest ray serene,  
A vestal fire in a desolate faene.

This for the past, the present boon I crave  
In thy warm radiance still my soul to lave,  
And skill to twine thee wreathes from the heart's flowers,  
That from the chill of Night thy warmth did save.

## II.

Scarce had I burst the chrysalis of youth  
And caught a moment's gleam of endless truth,  
When truth seemed shattered into dying sparks  
And all this world an endless waste of ruth—

An endless waste, a solitary wold  
Of gloomy shades and mysteries untold,  
And rugged rocks for men to stumble o'er,  
And I a fearful child, though once so bold.

The hour was late, the evening drear and dun,  
Not such as when the slowly setting Sun  
With lingering steps awaits the Summer Night  
To bid her welcome ere his reign be done;

But rather such as when the fearful Day,  
Bereft all comfort of the Sun-God's ray,  
With sobs and moans eludes the coming gloom  
And in precipitation flees away.

And now a host in tristful dance entwined  
Appeared against the embrowned sky outlined,  
And as the cold blast shook the extinguished day,  
Their gray hairs quivered in the insulting wind.

Yellow and sere and pale and hectic red,  
Like stricken leaves before the West Wind sped,  
The ghastly rout, by unseen power driven,  
All danced upon their dark and wintry bed.

Pestilence-stricken multitude! I gazed,  
And lo, I saw, affrighted and amazed,  
Earth's sweetest fabrics trampled under foot  
By rabble host, her fairest temples razed!

Beheld beloved faces with the grins of apes  
And forms once beautiful in Satyr shapes;  
Once love-lit orbs were demons' eyes of glade—  
A madness worse than that of Naxos' grapes.

And as with shadows in a diverse dream,  
Which mingle Heaven and hell in one foul stream,  
So in the unholy maze before my eyes  
The good and bad in wild confusion seem.

A cloud hung o'er them like a dismal pall  
From which a deadly dew, distilled, did fall  
And, choked with their own sinful breath, they reeled  
And fell beneath the Cypress funeral.

O blind cupidity! O turmoils rife!  
That spur us on in our tumultuous life,  
And in the eternal then so sadly steep  
Our souls when weary of the insane strife!

As thus I cried, my joyless eyes beheld  
An old man, hoary with the hair of eld;  
Clad in sad weeds of black, a rood he bore,  
And as he journeyed on, his prayers he spelled.

Thou man of God, O surely thou canst tell  
The riddle of this dream; thou canst dispel  
The shadows of this gloom, canst point the way  
That leads to where my vanished angels dwell.

He, too, had breathed the foul miasmic breath  
Of this strange place. He sought by guile and stealth  
To answer make—"It was the will of God."  
He signed his symbol but his words were death.

Out of the deeps my soul then cried and heard,  
Through strangest harmonies of sound and word,  
A kindred Voice that scorned the senses' bounds,  
The whispered "Peace," the everlasting word.

## III.

They wove bright fables in the days of old,  
When Truth's clear river flowed o'er sands of gold,  
When Reason borrowed Fancy's brighter plumes  
And was not subject to a priest, black-stoled.

How Heracles the hydra-headed beast  
O'ercame and won a place at Jove's high feast,  
Opposed the Fates for sad Admetus' sake  
And thus became for suffering men a priest.

How Psyche, by that sin to woman given,  
Was banished from her Love, by Venus driven  
Through endless toils, and then by penitence  
At last became Love's angel bride in Heaven.

And has the story of the Nazarene  
No longer power to charm the doubts obscene  
That Harpy-like pollute e'en poets' minds  
And chain them to a lyre, low and mean?

As thus I mused, a glory fell to me,  
Almost the face of thorn-crowned Deity—  
"The ever-womanly that must endure,"  
Quintessence of redeemed humanity.

Such was the wondrous beauty of that face;  
But, as her shadowy form I sought to trace,  
It seemed all tangled in an endless web  
That sought to overcome her matchless grace.

Yet on the pallid limit of that maze  
Her face, with radiant glory still ablaze,  
Lay sunlight and salvation, warmed my soul  
And opened up a vision to my gaze.

This was the spark that kindled all my light—  
Rapt upward into Heaven's starry flight,  
I saw a glorious company below  
Like stars incarnate in an earthly night.

These are the free-born spirits of the skies  
And, though their feet lie tangled in the ties  
Of earth, beyond in higher realms serene  
Eternal sunlight round their faces lies.

Down in our world they vest and veil the forms  
 With which, all glorious, God His throne adorns  
 And, crowned with attributes of sin and woe,  
 Their robes are spotted and by conflicts torn.

But these with snow-white feet they trample o'er  
 (The ruined fabrics that I wept before);  
 Mitres and crowns lie crumbled in the dust  
 When these for human need suffice no more.

How shall our cold, frayed vestments last for aye?  
 They clad our nakedness in olden day,  
 But every garment waxeth old at last  
 And with his fellows must be laid away.

Truth's flame, new-kindled at the Father Sun,  
 Girt with celestial might, again doth run  
 That burning course which shall not have an end  
 Until the world's mysterious cycle's done.

## V.

Since from its earthly mould the Human burst,  
 A con-created and perpetual thirst  
 To the realms deiform hath borne us on—  
 A fire by God's hands kindled at the first.

Its altars glowed within Athena's fane,  
 But soon unholy rites the flame disdains;  
 The Muses bear it on to other lands,  
 And leave her with her ashes and her stains.

It passed through Rome and left her comfortless—  
 The grave, the ruin and the wilderness,  
 Where ancient wrecks like shattered mountains rise,  
 Which flowering weeds in pity strive to dress.

And now into the hands of Titans bold,  
 A race of holy men, the flame of old  
 Was passed, and by its mighty power was driven  
 The Prince of Darkness to his last stronghold.

Thou Holy Flame, lit at creation's morn,  
 Offspring of Heaven, and yet thou dost not scorn  
 To dwell with us till thy consuming fire  
 Hath burned all bands upon our world new-born.

## VI.

My feet are still entangled in the dust,  
And oftentimes, by some momentary gust,  
My eyes are blinded to the higher light,  
But, though in utter darkness, yet I trust.

I will not worship at thy shrine again  
Thou Baal of the Ages, with thy stain  
Of blood-red sin ; no more will sacrifice  
The fairest children of my heart and brain.

And thou fair Face that art my dear delight,  
Thou sweetest pearl upon a forehead white,  
Thou hast displayed the beauty of our race  
And turned its sombre darkness into light.

E'en as the flowrets, by nocturnal chills  
Bowed down and closed, at length, when the Sun wills,  
Uplift themselves all open on their stems,  
And in their golden cups the dew distills,

So, at the touch of Thy divinest art,  
Broke the deep lethargy within my heart,  
Broke my divided being into twain,  
Of which the fairer found its better part.

*Wilbur M. Urban.*

## SANDY GREY.

**D**URING the early spring of eighteen hundred and eighty-nine I was engaged as a deputy paymaster for the Consolidated Lumber Company of Upper Canada, my duties taking me along many of the rivers flowing into Georgian Bay, down which every year the Company rafted thousands of pine and hemlock logs. The extremely rocky and broken nature of the country has had a curious effect upon these streams. They are in reality mere chains of narrow and tortuous lakes, strung together by series of rapids and waterfalls, making necessary

the *portage rocheux* so trying to canoeists. Around the most dangerous of these falls the Company has erected water-ways or "shoots," down which the logs are sent and thus preserved from being battered into splinters on the sharp, jagged rocks below.

It was late in March when I reached one of these shoots on the Muskosh river, about thirty miles from the Bay. The thaw had been rapid, the river was very high, and the men were working hard to get the logs all down while the rise lasted. As I stood by the bank, yonder was a great herd of them, several acres in extent, snugly nested together at the top of the shoot, and kept in out of harm's way by a giant boom. Singly and by twos and threes, guided by the skilful boat-hooks of the lumbermen, they approached the brink and dashed off in the maddening whirl of the watery slide. The shoot was black with their bodies, twisting, rolling, plunging headlong downward into the pool below. The crowd above thinned rapidly, and it appeared to me that the men would have them all safely down before evening. It was now four o'clock in the afternoon.

"Sandy," I called to the foreman, who was standing out on the boom directing the work. "Ho, Sandy!" He looked up. "If the men get those sticks all down before six, just send them to me. It's pay day, and they can have that much of a holiday, I guess."

For answer the great red-bearded Irishman gave a whoop and came running along the boom; for Sandy and I were old friends, and he was always glad to see me.

"Ah, an' it's you, Billy, me boy! Faith, an' 'twas only this marnin' says I to meself, 'We'll say the paymister the day for shure its—.' Howly Saint Pathrick! look a' that!"

He was at the head of the shoot now, gazing down it with an excited air. We rushed to the spot. There, about midway down, a giant trunk had stuck crosswise. The others, striking it, were piling up into a wild chaos, which momentarily grew greater despite our efforts to stay the rush of logs. The water pouring over the whole, and spouting up in jets of spray, added a touch of beauty to the scene.

For a moment we looked on silently, then Sandy's wrath burst upon the unlucky man who had charge of the mouth of the shoot.

"Out on ye, ye miserable spalpeen!" he yelled. "Couldn't ye keep an eye on the sticks? Look, man, d'ye see what ye've done?"

His fiery Hibernian temper was becoming too much for Sandy. He was advancing threateningly in the rafter's direction. But just then, I cannot explain how or why, a sudden impulse came upon me. I seized an axe and started down the shoot with blind determination to cut the key of the jam. As I proceeded the yellow, rushing water seemed to daze me. My head swam, until I was conscious of only the one thought.

Drenched with spray, twisting in and out, sometimes creeping under, now clambering out upon the side, but still holding fast to my axe, I reached the foot of the jam. Then to work. It was with a delirious joy that I watched the great long, yellow chips fly. Again and again I struck with a nervous energy quite unaccountable to me. Still the chips flew, while the wide gash in the key-log rapidly deepened.

"One more stroke," I thought, "and then I will get out of the rush."

Too late. Even as I poised for the blow, the log snapped like a straw. Instinctively, I jumped for the side of the shoot, but felt myself dragged downward by the legs with a fearful force.

Then a pause. The jam had stuck again. Dizzy and fainting from the pain, I lay still with my head almost under the water that was boiling around.

I might have drowned then and there, but soon, half-consciously, I felt my head raised and saw bending over me a shaggy, red-bearded face. "Sandy, Sandy," I cried, "go back, the jam's tottering. It'll go down any minute. For God's sake, go back."

"An' leave ye here by 'lone, Billy, me boy? Me name's not Grey if I do. But it's out ye'll come with me."



Bracing himself on the side, he began his almost hopeless task. "Take that, ye beggar, and that, and that." Each time his axe-head sank into the guilty log that pinned me down. The swift poise, the full swing and quick descending stroke seemed merged into one, so rapid were his motions. He was almost through, and still the jam held. Scarcely pausing, he shot a quick upward glance.

"The water's pilin' up behind. We'd best leave. Come, me boy." Leaning far over, his outstretched hands grasped my arms. I felt a powerful strain, and then—

Clinging to one another like children, together we made that fearful descent. It was one of those awful moments when the whole of one's past life is reviewed in a single brief second. Down, down, we went on the brow of that avalanche of timbers; roaring, grinding, tearing its way through the shoot. At length, after what seemed to my bewildered senses an age spent in a whirlwind, though it was but the fraction of a minute, I found myself struggling, sputtering, choking in the foam at the foot of the shoot. Where was Sandy? My last recollection was of clinging to his great muscular form like a little child, at the start of the jam. Had he been crushed, or hurled over the side? My injured legs were weighing me down. I could scarcely struggle. The foam blinded me. My head swam; I felt myself fast losing consciousness. The water was closing over me.

\* \* \* \* \*

The next two weeks were an absolute blank to me.

When I recovered consciousness, I found myself lying on a rude bunk in the little logging cabin by the shoot. The logs were down at the Bay long ago, and the men with them, all except Benolt, a kindly little French Canadian who had been left behind to care for me.

During the interval my limbs had almost recovered, but I was extremely weak from the raging fever of the last two weeks, whose first stages may, to some degree, account for my strange delirium on the fatal day that I cut the key-log. As my faculties grew clearer, I felt an intense anxiety to learn the fate of Sandy. Was he alive—escaped miraculously as I had?

Benoit came in with an armful of wood and commenced preparations for a meal.

"Benoit," I cried feebly, "Where's Sandy, Benoit—good, brave Sandy? The logs didn't hurt him, did they, Benoit?"

Benoit turned, and shook his head slowly.

"You muz be still," he said, "you get strong, den I tell you 'bout all."

For days I questioned him again and again, but could learn nothing more.

Finally, one day he stood by me and said, "You have strength now, come!"

With his kindly aid I walked to the door and out into the sunshine. It was a bright April day. The little waves in the river seemed dancing with delight and the rushing murmur of the falls fell pleasantly on our ears. Slowly we approached a slight knoll, beyond which was the mouth of the shoot. There, just crowning the summit, we saw a rough pile of stones, surmounted by a rudely hewn headboard. And as we stood before that mute witness, he told me what had happened.

When the key-log broke there were two men on the jam. The larger at the side of the shoot, but leaning far over, seemed attempting to haul the other out. He was exerting all his force. Then the rush came and both disappeared.

The lumbermen breathlessly watched the foot of the shoot. The jam has reached it. With the roar of an avalanche it disgorged itself and poured over into the pool below. Their straining eyes perceived two figures shot out by the rush far into the foam-tossed water. The one striking head first, plunged helplessly in. The other turning in the air landed on its side, and struggling feebly, sank from view. By this time the first had re-appeared, and seeing his companion going down, struggled awkwardly to the spot and dove after him. After an interval which seemed interminable to the anxious watchers on the bank, he emerged again some distance down stream, bearing an apparently lifeless burden. His struggles to keep afloat were now exceedingly labored and painful. There was a log nearby for which he was heading. Slowly he forges through the rush-

ing water. He is swimming with one arm now and as he turns his head they see a frightful cut across his forehead, from which the blood is streaming over his face and dyeing his beard a still redder hue. It is Sandy Sandy, making his last fight for life. The log is reached. He pauses a moment to gather all his strength, then as a groan bursts from his tightly compressed lips, he lifts his unconscious burden and places it across the broad back of the log. He makes a few feeble efforts to cling to the rolling support. A spasm crosses his face. His hands wildly clutch the air. The watchers on the bank turn away sickened. When they look again He is gone.

*William McKendree Scott.*

## THE INEVITABLE CONFLICT WITH ROMANISM.

### BAIRD PRIZE ORATION.

THE cosmic process is one of evolution, and the world moves on according to its inexorable law. Old customs give place to new; worn out principles and exploded theories are swept away before the relentless pressure of new ideas; and in this restless activity, this ever-varying point of view, we find the vital principle of our growth.

In the present condition of American politics a serious question is presented to the civilized world. For in defiance of traditions ingrained into the hearts of the American people through one hundred years of ceaseless strife, there arises a political force, clothed in the garb of religious authority, which strikes at the root of our social system. We dare not close our eyes to the spectacle of a religious war in American politics. Let us beware, lest deluded by a blind conservatism, we "cry peace! peace! when there is no peace."

It is not our purpose to attack a religious sect; but we cannot pass unnoticed the political policy of the Church of Rome. With a subtlety worthy of its secular traditions, it seeks to reconcile to the papacy nations whose spirit and whose history

are a standing menace to the power of the Pope. As far as the East is from the West, so far are the political ideals of Germany from the political ideals of the Church of Rome; and yet Germany—forgetting the determined stand of Bismarck toward the papal court, forgetting that her religious principle is the absolute negation of the claims of the Pope, forgetting that there can be no peace for the Church of Rome until it destroys the spirit of this mighty adversary—Protestant Germany, wearied with the ceaseless struggle, looks for peace from her bitterest foe. The name of Martin Luther is no longer a living force, but the mocking echo of a forgotten age.

And so, encouraged by its success abroad, the Roman Church in America welcomes Satolli to our shores. Conscious of the coming struggle, it girds itself for the conflict; it points the finger of scorn at its adversaries and bids them on to the issue. Blind to its internal weakness, the ideal it has created seems but the baseless fabric of a vision. From the dusty chronicles of past centuries it unearths the record of its glorious history, and reads that brilliant page with pride. For through the long night of the Middle Ages the Church of Rome stood firm. When the Crusaders, fired with fanatical zeal, swept across Europe, there arose from the devastation which they had wrought the germs of social disease; yet in spite of the tyranny of mediæval superstition, with all its mystery and terror, all its beauty and grandeur, its weird and grotesque imagination, the Church of Rome stood firm.

But at the close of this nineteenth century let us not blind ourselves to the infirmities of that magnificent organization. Monk quarrels with monk; priest clashes with friar; and drawn by a morbid fascination for an exhumed Scholasticism, they deny the harmony of science and religion. Small concern is it to the Church of Rome if it curtail the freedom of individual belief in its effort to realize "the unholy dream that would turn the papacy into a sword, the hilt of which would be in the Vatican and the blade all over the earth." This splendid organism which has stood the test of ages, is held by the bond of a superstition which glories in the apotheosis of a man.

Thus prepared for the conflict, the Roman Church in America carries religion into politics. It seeks to force upon us the union of Church and State. It opposes the theory of universal education. It denounces our public school system as "godless." The conflict is inevitable. There is no escape. But America is not to find her deliverer in that secret mysterious band which presumes to call itself the American "Protective" Association. Like the riotous career of the "Know Nothings" it is doomed to certain destruction. Its devotees, intoxicated by a distorted notion of patriotism, in violation of every idea of government and justice, strike with the sword of intolerance at the rights of a pitiful minority. They cry out with the senseless enthusiasm of the fanatic; for they are led on by a blind devotion to a cause whose inner meaning they scarcely comprehend.

It is not a war of religious sects. Neither to Protestantism nor to the Roman Church alone will be the victory; but to those principles of toleration and humanity, whose roots lie deep in the faith of the people, whose mighty power man may never thwart, and the sublime beauty of whose spiritual nature man may never know. Let us not delude ourselves with the empty vision of perpetual peace; for the millennium of religious difference has not yet come to strip controversy of its bitterness. Fain would we close our eyes to the spectacle of a religious war in American politics. Fearful beyond compare will be the struggle; and through the dark cloud hovers above us, the sunlight of a better day but faintly glimmers.

We shall not then behold the forces of Protestantism arrayed against those of the Church of Rome; we shall not see the fall of ancient institutions; we shall not hear the clash of mighty systems rushing to destruction; we shall not witness a conflict without. But we shall be conscious of strife within. This struggle marks another epoch in the world's history, when the soul of man, bound and fettered by superstition and intolerance, lifts up its voice to be free. And when, at last, the chains are loosed which bind and fetter the soul of man, when intolerance in politics and religion gives place to the freedom of individual

belief, generations yet unborn shall rise to bless the day this conflict was fought on American soil.

But not through the dim vistas of the future do we catch fleeting glimpses of a struggle that is to be. No! it is not a question of to-morrow. It is a question of to-day. It is at our very doors. It must be answered *now*.

And why?

Why? Because progress is not slavery to an idle superstition. Why? Because Christianity is not blind devotion to an intolerant faith. Why? Because the Reformation taught nothing if not

"This above all: To thine own self be true;  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

The world trembled when "Know Thyself!" burst from the lips of the Grecian sage; and centuries later, above vice and superstition and spiritual wickedness in high places, there echoed the cry of Luther: "Away with intolerance! Away with pilgrimages, relics, traditions, crusades! Away with rites that appeal to the senses! *I fight for the conscience of the man!*"

*Andrew Clerk Imbrie.*

### A MIDWINTER SONG.

THE far fields lay so hushed and white,  
The night winds grew so soft and low,  
That when there fell the earliest light  
Across the snow,  
A man might hear and understand  
This morning song from Fairy-land:  
"The skies were gray  
But yesterday,  
Yet now the clouds have passed away;  
The winds are low;  
The pine-trees know  
That violets lie beneath the snow."

The far fields lay so hushed and white,  
The night winds kept so soft and low,  
That when there fell the glistening night  
Across the snow,  
A man might hear and understand  
This evening song from Fairy-land :  
" The pine-trees away  
As if to say :  
' Some morrow's morn must bring the May !'  
A day or so  
To come of snow,  
And then the violets ! O, ho !"  
*Francis Charles McDonald.*

## OUT OF THE PAST.

THE train was winding its way across the rolling praries of Southern Kansas. The sun, sinking slowly behind the buildings of some farming center, cast its last rays on the roofs of the scattered houses which stood out strongly in the flatness of the surrounding country. It was very quiet in the Pullman. The conductor had stretched himself out lazily in the smoking compartment and was sleeping soundly. A young school girl going to her home in New Mexico after a finishing year in New York, was evidently bored. She threw down her novel and gazed abstractedly on the unvarying wintry landscape. A drummer in the last section was talking in an undertone to a young West Point cadet opposite. The other occupants in various ungraceful positions were to all appearances asleep. One man alone looked thoroughly uncomfortable. He seemed somewhat out of place in the luxurious appointments of the sleeper. Dressed in a light tweed suit, and a cheviot somewhat the worse for wear, the absence of anything resembling a tie gave one the impression that he would have been more in place among the second-class passengers in the tourist sleeper ahead. He raised himself on his elbow and gazed around the car. The school girl noticed this, looked up and once more turned her attention to the window. He himself was evidently not satisfied with his observations. He tried various positions. Apparently all were a failure. He pressed the button which brought the ever obsequious porter.



"A pillow," he remarked gruffly.

Having obtained this article, he arranged it with the air of a connoisseur and was soon lost in meditation.

His thoughts wandered back to the past. It was not often that he cared to think of that; and amid the hurry and bustle of a reporter's life he had had but little opportunity. Kansas, through which they were now passing, had suggested it all. It brought back to him those glorious days of college. He remembered, quite distinctly, when he had first met her, and how their acquaintance had continued while he was studying medicine in New York. New York! Those evenings the fellows used to spend together—the stories, the impromptu theatre parties and the jolly little suppers which invariably followed. To him, then, it seemed harmless and innocent enough. Somehow, the rest of the crowd had stopped when they got their diplomas. Most of them had settled down to the staid life of eminently respectable citizens. With one or two exceptions they had all married.

Once more his thoughts reverted to her. He remembered almost every event in the first few months of their engagement, and he smiled rather grimly as he thought of those plans they had made, when he should have settled down to a steady country practice. But somehow he never could settle. He stopped hospital work, and became a traveling reporter, following prominent lecturers from place to place. During this time they had corresponded regularly.

He had been drinking—first, only as a brace while working late at night, then oftener, until finally he had lost all control of himself. How often, worn out with work, had he walked almost miles to secure this solace. How often had he tossed on his bed during the midnight hours until continued potions had thrown him into a drunken sleep. Their engagement was broken. She plead with him, gave him a year to reform, but of no avail.

At last he heard that she had married a promising young lawyer, and gone with him to Kansas. He had worked on, trying again and again to reform, feeling that with each failure he was only losing ground. Life became a bur-



den, his boon companions shunned him, he became less and less fit for work, and, at last, one night he had drawn his meagre salary, and with all of it, had bought a ticket on the Santa Fe overland for—well, anywhere away from old memories and old companions. Yet never before had he felt so keenly the hopelessness of his life.

It was growing darker outside, and the porter was lighting the lamps. He peered through the window and could distinguish the twinkling lights of some city ahead. A brakeman was passing through the car to wake up the conductor in the smoking compartment. He touched the man upon the shoulder.

"This is your place, sir," he said; "you get off here."

The man stretched himself and prepared to leave the car, which by this time was drawing up at the station. As he walked toward the smoker he met the drummer in the passageway.

"Rather poor country 'round here; not much to look at."

"Not much," he answered, mechanically.

"Well, I guess I'll have a little appetizer," continued the man. "Do ye drink?"

Did he drink!

Yes, he would just take one more and then quit for good. He hadn't touched anything since he left. But—oh, that past! Was he so weak? No; for the sake of that past he would not. But with an almost mechanical movement he grasped the proffered flask.

"Here's to you!" and he raised it to his lips.

His blood tinged. He drew himself together, buttoned his coat, and stepped out upon the platform.

It was only for a moment. With a revulsion of feeling he cursed his weakness. He wished that some train would sweep down upon him and end his wretched existence. He made his way along the platform, passed through the station filled with a crowd of hurrying, eager travelers, and out into the street.

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The last few stragglers had pushed their way through the swinging door and were lost in the darkness without. Only one man was left. He was leaning on his elbow, an empty glass

beside him. The chimes of some neighboring church had just rung out the hour of two.

"Come, now, get out; time you're getting home."

"Home," murmured the one addressed. "Yes—I'll be getting home—I will."

Then he wearily dragged himself through the door way. The city was wholly deserted. Long lines of closed doors and windows alone told the story of a day's activity. The battered lamp-post on the corner looked cold and cheerless before the heavy blasts of wind which swept across the street. It was not a new experience for him to be thus alone in a great city. He cast one glance along the seemingly infinite stretch of pavement, buttoned his light coat with its one remaining button, thrust his hands deep in his pockets and started on a quick pace up the street.

It was terribly silent and his footsteps sounded harsh and hollow as they echoed from building to building. He was desperately tired and before he had walked long, half asleep, he threw himself into an inviting door-way. Dimmer and dimmer, shone the long line of lamp posts. That strange palpitating hush of a city night pressed heavily upon his senses like the heart-throbs of some sleeping giant.

He no longer felt the chilly air as it blew around him. He was asleep. Only a moment and the harsh "Move on there!" awoke him, while the light of a lantern flashed in his eyes. Once more he drew himself together, once more he shoved his hands deep into his pockets, once more he plodded hopelessly on.

On, on, he walked. The stores were disappearing and long lines of steps took their place. Across the street he could now and then hear the foot-falls of some belated passer-by, or would brush against some pleasure-seeker homeward bound, muffled in his great overcoat. Sometimes he would pause and listen to the monotonous click of the cane on the stone pavement until, grow-fainter in the distance, it would cease. Would this endless walking never stop? If he could wait and rest! But a night-watchman on the corner forbade even this, and he only quickened his pace. Once he paused in the shadow before a bril-

liantly-lighted house and watched the departing guests as they hurried out—a sudden apparition of color, a chorus of good-nights, the bang of a carriage door, and one by one they were gone. There poured upon him at this passing glimpse a flood of memories from his own life, when he, too, was in the world now closed upon him. As some familiar chord, recurring from the depths of the long-forgotten past, it had brought back to him the whole wondrous melody. He turned away in despair. The harmony was lost, leaving him but the saddened echoes of its strains.

All at once some bell, seemingly just in front of him, rang out the hour of four, and the alarm, as if in a thousand reverberations, was taken up all over the city. It was the hour of approaching dawn. The last electric light went out with its usual lingering splutter. Now and then a milk wagon passed him, the first heralds of awakening life. He paused to rest for a moment at the corner, but the sharp wind soon drove him on. Slowly the clocks tolled five. Here and there the lights were lit in the upper windows of the houses. The jingle of the street-cars began anew. The great city was slowly rousing from its slumbers. But what an awakening to him! Occasionally an early riser passed him, and every minute the wagons were increasing in number. Six o'clock came at last. It was getting lighter now. The wind had subsided. All along the street, maids were opening windows or scrubbing the steps and once or twice he caught the fragrance of an early breakfast. He turned his steps and started back toward the city. It was almost seven. Everywhere activity. The streets were full of clerks hurrying to their day's work.

Another hour dragged by. From one doorway a young woman passed lightly down the steps and turned toward him. He started—gasped. Once again the flood of memories returned. Instinctively he raised his hand to the brim of his tattered hat in recognition; but she only drew daintily aside as she passed him.

Again the melody had sounded. Again it was gone, leaving now not a saddened echo, but only the dissonance of a ruined life.

*R. S. Morris.*

## SCOTLAND AND THE HUMOR OF MR. J. M. BARRIE.

THE inroads of nineteenth century progress are sadly destroying the traditional and the hitherto distinctively characteristic features of national and sectional life. The tales of the Sagas are no longer told in the weird fire-light. The Puritan has gone and the New England that Lowell and Dr. Hale, "Ik Marvel" and Mrs. Earle knew and loved so well is not the New England of to-day, nor does *Desphaven* picture life as Mr. Howells conceives it. The Virginia that Mr. Page has so charmingly opened to us, the Creole and Southern life of Mr. Cable's books, Mr. R. M. Johnston's Georgia and the wild and uncouth West of Mr. Bret Harte are scarcely typical now. The dialect stories are for the most part but reminiscent. And Mr. Crawford, in some of his novels, has been giving but faithful records of a Roman society which is either already past or is quickly changing. Under whichever category we may put them, realistic or idealistic, all are only the recollections of a waning civilization, to be succeeded, one hopes, by a better. They are the sole representatives of a past fast fading from the minds of men, the only means by which we cling to the scattered remnants of those customs and that life which the heart yearns to look back upon—the pioneer and his rustic picturesque cabin, the singing of the plantation negroes, the "Crackers" in their faded aristocracy, the Canadian village, the wide fire-place and Christmas reunions of the New England farm-house and across the sea, the fox-hunting and Yuletide of old England.

And the primitive Thrums of Mr. Barrie's books has not escaped the hurrying waste. The invalid would not get to-day the same vista from her window. Thrums is, to use Mr. Barrie's own word, "graidely" changing into a modern town ("village" is repudiated). "But there is an odd sort of echo of the old world still lingering in some of the forgotten corners of the new." And Scotland was the place to keep it, and Mr. Barrie's was the ear to listen.

The Scotland of the historical romanticists is not the Scotland of Mr. Barrie. Tammas Haggart is neither an Alan Breck nor

a Rob Roy M'Gregor. The best romances seem to spring from the highlands. Mr. Barrie has pictured the humble peasantry. And his is a true portraiture; his books are leaves from the life-book of experience. Kirriemuir, in Forfarshire, the place of his birth and life, has been written of under the name of Thrums (so called from the weavers), and Tammas Haggart and all the rest are but the personifications of a life that is too rapidly being pushed aside. But Thrums is finding a worthy and a growing rival in Drumtochty, and Mr. Barrie must acknowledge almost an equal in his countryman who blends humor and pathos so tenderly, himself quite "a lad o' pairs," Ian Maclaren, in *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*.

Mr. Barrie has been quite aptly termed "the Dickens of Scotland." His great charm, like Dickens, is in giving a strong personality to one or two of the really minor characters. As one recalls *A Tale of Two Cities*, one does not think so much of the French revolution, which I suppose we theoretically should do, but rather smiles to remember Jerry Cruncher and his ridiculous fears lest his aggravating wife, "flopping" down on her knees in prayer, might be efficacious "agin' him." And while reading *The Little Minister*, though one is impressed with the tragedy of that stormy night on the moor, and the weird drama (which is, perhaps, somewhat overdrawn), yet as we recall the bare story, one thinks more perhaps of the old elder in his vain endeavors to find the book of Ezra. And as in Dickens many of us would select honest old Peggotty in his fascinating houseboat on the beach at Yarmouth as the one in *David Copperfield* who has the warmest corner in our hearts, so we must reach out and grasp the horny hand of that "mechty sarcesteicist," Tammas Haggart, as the one creation of Mr. Barrie who has permanently, signally touched us.

The weakness and power of woman and man's strange awe of her form the thread of many of Mr. Barrie's pages. Sometimes she has a conscious dignity in her superiority, as Jinny Tosh felt over her husband, Aundra Lunan ("who always spoke of her as She"), when she compelled him to let one corner of his handkerchief hang gracefully from his coat-tails so that the con-

gregation could see it, or as Easie Whamond exercised over her stolidly indifferent sire, Pete Todd. Greybrooke went to thrash the odious reporter at the impulse of a woman. On the other hand, however, while it may be true that "probably no woman can live with a man for many years without having an indulgent contempt for him, and wondering how he is considered a good man of business," yet "it is said that married men lose their awe of hair-pins and clean their pipes with them"—a sort of legitimate revenge.

Tammas Haggart is quite Mr. Barrie's own creation. Tammas is the center of the gossiping, admiring groups—a stolid, deliberate, philosophic, keen, unsophisticated, dull Scotchman—and had once said "a terrible sarceastic thing," though he was "no' an every-day sarceasticist." Woman here again comes in Mr. Barrie's way. Tammas lays the scrupulous nicety of Rob Angus to his wife's charge. "It's curious hoo a body misses his wife when she's gone," says Tammas, though on another occasion. "Ay, it's like the clock stoppin'."

Tammas looms up most unexpectedly everywhere. It was his final and conclusive argument that "when Mester Byars was oor minister, Sanders Dobie, the wricht, had a standin' engagement to mend the poopit ilka month," a remark which inevitably silenced the U. P.'s into humblest resignation. It was Tammas again who had the most uncommon experience of witnessing his own burial. Tammas and Hender, though brothers, had but one point in common (like Rob Angus and his friend), an unconquerable obstinacy. Tammas, however, was more independent in his and it was the outcome of a keener acumen than the mere surface indicates, while Hender's was but the effect of dogged stupidity.

Mr. Charles Dudley Warner has drawn quite an original and ingenious comparison between the two humorists, Mr. Bill Williams, as set forth by Mr. Richard Malcolm Johnston, and Tammas Haggart, Mr. Barrie's creation. Tammas, we read, is

"a conscious humorist, and even of the time when his faculty of seeing the humorous side was developed. It is evident that both became humorists in the contemplation of the great mystery of nature—woman.

Mr. Bill's statement of his conception, the axiomatic cornerstone of his philosophy, is 'Wimmin's wimmin,' to which he sometimes adds as a corollary, 'and they are going to be so always.' This is as tersely expressed by Tammas in the exclamation, 'O wuman, wuman!' The conception is the same, and it came in both cases after considerable experience, and in both men this humorous acquiescence in life led to resignation. 'You can't alter 'em, and it ain't worth while to try,' said Mr. Bill; and the great topic of Tammas Haggart was, 'Women, and why we should put up with them, however unreasonable.' This was experience. There had been a time when Tammas was 'not sufficient of a humorist to make allowance for women.' With the birth of humor in him had come a sound philosophy and an understanding of human nature, so that when, in his explications of life, he would ask 'Is there a man in Thrums as haena a kind of fear of his wife?' he was not surprised that his listeners usually looked different ways. So when he remarks that 'a man has to be weary about what he tells his wife,' and an interlocutor says, 'He has so, for she's sure to fling at him by and by like a wet clout,' Tammas is able to respond: 'What ye say is true. Women doesna understand about men's minds being profounder than their's, and consequently waur to manage.' Another interesting fact about these two humorous personages is that their development was due to woman, and that their existence independent of the other sex is scarcely to be conceived. Tammas without Christie would have been an unnoted weaver, and it was Karlina Thigpen who gave respectability to the humor of Bill William."

Mr. Barrie succeeds best, I think, in his portrayal of the typical Scotch character in a short story, though his most ambitious book, *The Little Minister*, has been given by Mr. Edmund Gosse a reputation, for the season of 1892 at least, equal to *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* and *David Grieve*. But it is the humor and pathos of the commonplace, set forth in a short sketch, that strike Mr. Barrie's best vein. "It was one of these charming pieces of whimsicality that the late Laureate read with keen appreciation to a garden party of friends on one occasion." The tall Rob Angus, so "fearfu' ind'pendent," as Tammas said, had a bookcase with more books than any other man in Thrums, and David Lunan could read Homer "in the original." There is fine pathos, on the other hand, in the gathering that found Davy Dundas lying dead at the edge of the Whunny, and there is something that delves deeper in the closing pages of that book which Mr. Andrew Lang has called "that masterpiece," *A Win-*



dow in *Thrums*. "For I cannot believe," writes Mr. A. Quiller-Couch, quite an appreciative admirer of Mr. Barrie, in an old number of *The Bookman*, "that his *Little Minister*, beautiful work as it is, will outlive or o'ershadow the concluding chapters of *A Window in Thrums*. I find these chapters so simply poignant, so true to race and soil, yet so sincere in their appeal to emotions which all men share, that to match them I must take down my *Horæ Subsecivæ* and turn to the tale of *Rab and His Friends*, or open my Bible and read the story of Ruth."

What a funny group his Scotchmen are—Davit Lunan, Pete Todd, Snecky Hobart, Lookaboutyou, Davit Whamond, the indecisive Dite Deuchars, and, towering head and shoulders above the rest, Tammas Haggard, so "mechty sarcectic." Mr. Barrie alone has given us the bothies, the kirks, the literary club that called Scott "Watty" and Hume "Davit" and Burns "Rob," or "Robbie." He alone has given us *Thrums* itself. But his men and women (who, perhaps, might be more pleasing, except "Babbie,") rise from the humble. The gypsy eventually became the wife of Mr. Dishart, and Rob Angus "rose from obscurity" to become the husband of Mary Abinger. It has been objected that his Scotch is not Scotch at all but only a very poor dialect, but I have not yet seen the allegation sustained.

Mr. Barrie's books abound with bits of the picturesque, "the bare, romantic scenery." He has told us of that time of day "when night comes on so sharply that its shadow may be seen trailing the earth as a breeze runs along a field of corn." He loves the heather of his "ain countrie." His is the Scotland of our hearts and his will be the Scotland for a long period of readers to come. When he speaks of the Scotch life, as the late Mr. Stevenson so feelingly said of two of Mr. Crockett's stories in *The Stickit Minister*, his books "are drowned in Scotland."

And yet, with it all, is there not a very subtle and gentle sarcasm? Do not the unexpected bubblings forth of Tammas Haggart and the glimpses of what is to us the humorous side of the peasant life reveal, underlying them, Mr. Barrie himself as the real "sarcecticist?" He sees the weak as well as the strong



points of Tammas, and is truly "mechty ind'pendent" in showing us the absurdities.

From *The Scotsman's Return from Abroad*, a characteristic poem by the late Robert Louis Stevenson, himself a typical Scotchman, I venture to take thsee lines, as indicative quite appositely of what the discerning reader of Mr. Barrie feels:

"At last, across the weary faem,  
 Frae far, outlandish pairts I came.  
 Oh ilka side o' me I fand  
 Fresh tokens o' my native land.  
 Wi' whatna joy I hailed them a'—  
 The hilltops standin' raw by raw,  
 The public house, the Hielan' birks  
 And o' the bonny U. P. Kirks!  
 But maistly thee, the bluid o' Scots,  
 Frae Maidenkirke to John o' Grotts,  
 The king o' drinks, as I conceive it,  
 Talisker, Isla or Glenlivet!

\* \* \* \* \*

"An' blithe was I, the morrow's morn,  
 To daunder through the stookit corn,  
 And after a' my strange mishanters,  
 Sit down amang my ain dissenters,  
 An', man, it was a joy to me  
 The pu' pit an' the pews to see,  
 The pennies dirlin' in the plate,  
 The elders lookin' on in state;  
 An' 'mong the first, as it befell,  
 Wha should I see, sir, but yoursel'!"

*Paul Griswold Huston.*

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IN MEMORIAM.

WHEREAS, In the workings of His Divine Providence, it has pleased Almighty God to take from our midst our class-mate, William Edward Grant; and

WHEREAS, His noble qualities, both of heart and mind, his integrity of character, his uniform and unflinching allegiance to a high standard of principle, and his amiable and affectionate disposition have presented to us at once a character to emulate and a friend to love and honor; therefore, be it

*Resolved*, That we, his class-mates, deeply saddened by his sudden death, extend our sympathy to those upon whom it bears most heavily; and be it further

*Resolved*, That we cause a copy of these resolutions to be forwarded to his family, and that they be printed in *The Daily Princetonian*, *The Alumni Princetonian*, *THE NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE* and the papers of Summit, N. J.

C. G. HOPPER,  
R. B. JACK,  
G. C. WINTRINGER,  
C. F. JOHNSON.

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## EDITORIAL.

CONTRIBUTIONS for the March LIT. are due March eighth.

IT IS a matter of deep regret to the LIT. Board to be compelled to announce that no award can be made in the prize story competition. The decision rendered by the judges is that none of the stories submitted in the contest are of sufficient merit to deserve the award. In making this decision public we cannot refrain from remarking upon the significance of the outcome of the contest and the unfortunate comment it is upon the character of the literary effort that is now being put forth by the college. Although not unprecedented, it is none the less deplorable that a competition of a distinctly literary nature should thus occur in which none of the efforts possessed sufficient merit to be worthy of official recognition. We wish to express our appreciation of the kind services of Prof. Daniels and Mr. Lansing V. Collins as judges.

BY THE time the February number of the LIT. is in the hands of its readers, the Washington's Birthday exercises will have been conducted once more in accordance with the usages that have so long prevailed on that day. It is not our purpose to discuss the nature and propriety of these exercises nor the abuses that have occasionally sprung up in connection with them. That the spirit of commemoration is unduly subordinated is undoubtedly true. But it is, nevertheless, to be hoped that a landmark of Princeton undergraduate life, so distinctly characteristic and so typically unique, may long be allowed to remain intact. The LIT. has, however, considered it highly important that the interest in the exercises be not exclusively

centered on the Senior oration. It is with a view to correcting this tendency that the prize has been offered for the best oration delivered by the Junior. Sophomore or Freshman on this occasion, and it is with the hope that this, in becoming a permanent contest, may not only raise the quality of the orations, but may result in furnishing a legitimate outlet for the display of class rivalry.

Our thanks are due to Prof. Hibben, Mr. H. F. Covington and Mr. C. T. Wood for their kindness in acting as judges.

### OUR TRACK ATHLETIC INTERESTS.

THE fact that the material which is to determine the result of the coming season in track athletics is now just starting upon its work in the cage, suggests the propriety of our considering some of the serious problems that our position in this sphere of athletics presents to us. It is not so much any grave defects in the present training system, but the condition of college sentiment on this subject, that merits careful consideration.

The value of track athletics as a sport should be measured by the numbers actually benefitted by participation, not by the excitement it affords to the spectators. It should be determined also by the fact that it affords a means of regular exercise, with all the advantages of a scientific course of physical training, to a much larger portion of the college than any other of the sports. In addition to this it offers the important advantage of an almost unrestricted choice of hours for exercise. The training is much less severe than in foot-ball or base-ball, and the honors gained have a distinct personal element that those gained in other branches of athletics do not possess. With a commodious cage and a well-equipped club house, an excellent track and a most skillful and enthusiastic trainer, we may be said to enjoy exceptional advantages in this sphere. The coming season promises also to afford excellent opportunities for gaining that very essential experience that comes from a frequent participation in field meets.

The games with Columbia and the University of California, together with the Open Handicap, Caledonian and Intercollegiate games, form a roster of events that gives ample scope for competition. In addition to the events enumerated there may be mentioned the proposed plan for an annual class relay race. Subscriptions are also being solicited for a new "Peace" cup, to be offered on the same basis as the old one.

The presence of these facilities will, however, never be sufficient to bring out an adequate number of candidates until there is a radical change in the sentiment of the college toward track-athletics.

The man in the fable who attempted to get over a stone wall in his path by pulling at his own boot-straps bears an instructive similarity to the methods by which the college is seeking to improve its standing in this sphere of athletics. The captain and members of our track teams are virtually told that when they have raised the standing of the college in track athletics to the level of foot-ball and base-ball they will receive the moral support of the college, and not before. The fable does not state the result of the boot-strap method as applied to the problem of raising oneself over a stone-wall, but there can be no question as to what the outcome will be when the same plan is applied to the task of raising the position of the college in the athletic world. It has been demonstrated with the most painful clearness, that no matter how conscientiously a team may train, or how well captained it may be, it can never be successful without the full force of this *moral support* of the college behind it. It is only by the most earnest and hearty co-operation between representatives and represented that any department of athletics can prosper. Let us then start with a definite understanding of this principle and we will at least have begun on a correct basis.

### INTELLECTUAL GRIDIRONS.

THE collegian's gentle friend and adviser, the daily press, would do well to turn its critical attention to a recent growth in college life that may help to throw a flood of light on some of

the dark and unconscionable ways of the college man. It might assist that spotless moulder of public opinion, in its efforts to elucidate the mysterious habitude of this animal. The daily press has always been much edified by its contemplation of the college world, and has heartily approved of it, especially as a field for an energetic reformer. The terrifying editorials on Foot-Ball as the Leading Feature of a Liberal Education, Brain not Brawn, Brutality and Bumptiousness, together with the artless and ingenuous little skits of the space-writers on the foppery of college life of to-day, have all been as lamps to our feet as we have stepped the weary academic path to knowledge. For years, we have been confronted and abashed by the enormity of our sin, in exhibiting an enthusiastic admiration for the display of pluck and endurance on the athletic field. We cannot help it though, Gentle Masters. We have most of us had the misfortune to be born and bred Anglo-Saxons!

But now we would timidly raise our heads and point to this custom that has come amongst us, of deciding in public the superiority of one college to another in the field of debate. Although, from a reportorial standpoint, it possesses the important defect of failing to offer much basis for sensationalism, it still has some claims for recognition as a regenerative engine.

That the young men of our American Universities occasionally find pleasure and employment in pursuits of an intellectual nature may be a surprise to our morning Destiny-Shapers, but we ourselves have for some time entertained a suspicion that such was the case. We could not help believing all along that the young man in question had some good points about him that would come to the surface sooner or later. And now he has at last made it clear by the interest and attention that he bestows upon these intellectual wrestling-matches, that he has cognizance of at least one thing beside foot-ball and base-ball. He has shown, too, that although he is fond of what Mr. Paul Bourget terms the "demon of contest," he is not entirely dependent on the sight of gore for his exhilaration and excitement.

So we welcome the Intercollegiate Debate and hope it has come to stay. To it we shall look for the revival of any interest in our Halls that may have flagged. It will be a goal toward which much of their work may be directed. It furnishes an incentive to conscientious endeavor that cannot fail to make itself felt. It brings the colleges closer together, and compels a pleasant interchange of hospitalities between them. If it is to become a permanent annual event, we have the rash temerity to predict that it will one day occupy the position in its sphere that the contests at Manhattan do in theirs. But above all, it will serve to keep the public aware of the fact that activity in college is not entirely confined to those fields that are extensively dealt with on the Sporting page of the daily paper.

## GOSSIP.

" Lull'd in the countless chambers of the brain,  
Our thoughts are link'd by many a hidden chain;  
Awake but one, and lo, what myriads rise!  
Each stamps its image as the other flies."

—*Rogers' Pleasures of Memory.*

" A little learning is a dang'rous thing."

—*Pope.*

" Evil then results from imperfection."

—*Bailey.*

" In the gay festal room—where every heart  
Is beating faster than the merry tune."

—*Willis.*

IT WAS a wild night out. One of those nights you read about, when the writer wants to make a contrast between the cheerful warmth and light of the interior and the cold, bleak and wild exterior. The Gossip had always fancied those descriptions of "inky blackness," "driving sleet which cut like needles," and "whistling, moaning winds among the bare branches," gotten up in such weird fantastic style to be mere word juggling; but this night dispelled any of his illusions. Nature certainly lived up to what art depicted.

It was with a feeling of comfort and protection that the Gossip drew his big rockingchair up before the glowing grate fire, his slippered feet on the fenders, a box of cigarettes on the one hand and a good bottle of Schlitz on the other, and before him the merry murmur of the Kettle. No light in the room, save the rich red glow of the burning coals. The Gossip had his eyes intently fastened on the flickering pale-blue flames which danced and trembled in ghostly antics over the fire, hardly seeming a part of it.

How one's thoughts fly in instances of this sort. It needs but the vehicle of a flame to carry one to the remotest parts of the earth. Recollections crowd in, one upon the other, with entertaining irregularity. We linger on those which please us, and if those which are disagreeable force themselves upon us, we crowd them out by recalling others which please and soothe. We allow ourselves to wander unrestrained. There is something infinitely sad in recalling days that are gone—especially pleasant and satisfactory ones. Yet there is a quiet, soothing charm in it. You glance up for a moment, and catch a glimpse of the portrait of some school chum; you remember how you struggled side by side on your little school foot-ball team; how you admired him



for his pluck and perseverance; what a real good fellow he was; it's four or five years since you last saw him, and you wonder whether or no his thoughts of you, if he ever has any, are as tender as your own toward him. And then you happen to see the group picture of the class that graduated with you. You had your likes and dislikes then, but time has blended all that diversity of feeling into one soft emotion. You feel that you would be only too glad to see any of them again, and give them the warm, cordial handshake of comradeship. When they were all about, you gave many of them hardly a thought, but when once separated—with the likelihood that perhaps many of them will never be seen again—aye, two or three have already passed away "to the pale realms of shade where each shall take his chamber in the silent halls of death"—a feeling comes over you that perhaps you were not as considerate as you might have been. Life commences to be felt as but a short and fleeting breath, and a sensation of regret steals over you, that you did not play your part in the world's drama as you should have done, to make that fleeting breath as happy as possible. Eulogies and flowers come too late. The dead do not need them, but many a struggling, broken-hearted man might have lived, and made of himself what he was destined to be, had encouragement and laurels been given him in his depression and need—but no, they come too late.

"It's a condition, not a theory, which confronts us," the Kettle happened to remark just at this time.

"Right you are," added the Gossip, yawning, running his fingers through his hair, and otherwise pulling himself together.

"I've got one so far—Experimental Psychology. I deserve it for electing anything with such a name."

"Ditto," added the Kettle, meaning, of course, "Right you are."

Now is the time when the merry click of the mail-slot in the door is heard, and the result of the merry click is:

"You failed to pass the recent examination in ——!"

Of course, there are lots of us who don't expect any such thing; but, then, "there are others." You come into your room and you hope you've received a letter—you hardly know from whom—and if there's nothing on the floor when you open your door, why, somehow you feel mighty satisfied—at least no condition until the next mail comes in. It's a fascinating game of chance for those "others." It was the lean and hungry-looking Senior with the tired look who said that he enjoyed examination-time simply for the diversion it afforded after it was over. He argued that there was really no cause for anxiety until papers were marked according to merit.

It was this senior who, by dint of self-inconvenience, had managed to attend three lectures in an elective during the term and at examination had written three books on the subject, and notwithstanding had got conditioned.

"He ought to have passed me," he drawled to a coterie of his companions; "one book per lecture, and been thankful I didn't attend any more at that rate."

The Gossip had settled into a slough of thought, when the Kettle suddenly interrupted him:

"Cheer up, my boy; I don't pretend to be a mind-reader, and I know your mind is busied with exam. results. But they're all over now. What's done is done, and there's no recalling it; so you might just as well travel on to what comes next on the list. Going to the Junior Prom.?"

"Yes," answered the Gossip. "I've got two girls coming down to it, so I'm in it up to my ears. Poor dears, I wonder if they realize how much sentiment enters into the filling-up of their dance-cards!"

It seems like an *exposé* to say anything about it. Here at Princeton we are social in one way; in another, outside of a certain ring, we're not. Man to man in the bond of good-fellowship, we challenge the world; but when it comes to the formal "Miss ———, allow me to present Mr. ———," why, as I said, we don't cater to it. Of course, we can hold our own—if our "own" are especially attractive—but it doesn't seem to be our way, that's all.

That certain ring always has its coterie of girls coming, so of course it will take most of their time seeing that their girls are properly attended to. Hence they must see to it that their own dance-cards are not too much filled to divert them from their fair ones. So, outside of that ring of society stars, one has to take his chances. It was a facetious Freshman who was offering a Table d'Hôte dinner at the "Inn" with every dance a man would take to help fill up the four dance-cards of his four respective girls. There were twenty-two dances on each card. The returns are not yet in. If each man were allowed five dances the Freshman would probably go "dead broke" until the end of Senior year; in all likelihood he will risk no more dances.

Of course, we all love to have the girls come down and enjoy themselves—that goes without saying—and we enjoy every minute that they are able to be with us, but it is hard when your best girl asks you why you're not wearing your gold watch, or are so imprudent as to go out in the night air without your heavy winter ulster.

Those are needless questions to ask, and we do not always answer them; but if we do answer them our conscience tells us that there may be some virtue in a white lie.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

"For that feeling of Oughtness, take Annheuser Busch."

—*Calderwood.*

"NOW that those blanked exams. are over," observed the genial Gossip (who occasionally dabbles in various things beside gossip), as he pulled up a chair and hoisted his pedal extremities to The Table's back, "we can turn our attention to the more serious affairs of life. And first, there's that farce. I'll just take a day or two off to-morrow and sweep up that stage and sweep down those cobwebs, and dust the flies off those flies, and trim up those drop-lights and polish up that old sword and get a new heel on that ancient buskin and mix a pot of pink for the cheeks of the heroine, and get things on the move"—

"'On the move,' that's the word," broke in the indefatigable Critic, giving The Table an emphatic thump. "Yes, keep on the move. We must have progress. Forward, boys, forward! Away with the old—away with tradition—down with dogma—down with conservatism—down"—

"Tut, tut," piped the pensive Poet, giving The Table an ugly scratch in lighting his long-stemmed meerschaum; "make haste slowly, my friend. Preserve a due regard for historical continuity. Remember our debt to the past—to Kant, to Spinoza, to Descartes, to Abelard, to Augustine, to all the good and great of old—to prince, to priest and to Pope"—

"Down with the Pope," howled the excited Critic, giving the long-suffering Table another vigorous thump. "Down with dogma, away with priests, princes, presidents—hurrah for the people—*vive la populace vive l'anarchie*"—

Bang! went the Managing Editor's gavel on The Table's tenderest spot. "Come, come, gentlemen, this will never do. Talk business. There's quite enough of that to worry us just at present, with this next number to make up and no prize story awarded. We're going to the dogs—to the dogs. Now take that last number"—

"As I was about to ejaculate," murmured the genial Gossip, "now that exams. are over"—

*Exams.*, echoed The Table under his breath. That's the word that has been haunting me for the past month. It has been my constant bugbear and has robbed me of all my joy. My waking thoughts have been thereof; my dreams have had no other theme. And, after all, what are they—these exams? Well, ostensibly, a means whereby the Faculty finds out how much the student knows; *really*, a means whereby the

student conceals from the Faculty how much he does not know. A relic of barbarism, in the main, yet not entirely devoid of merit, even from the student's standpoint, since they inculcate a feeling of deep humility (when taken in such "enormous quantities" as one gets at Princeton)—humility at the realization of how much a fellow does not know after taking four long years at a great university. "Aye, there's the rub;" our college days almost gone, and "that feeling of Oughtness"—for what we have not done—preying upon our minds like the canker at the heart. Yet the gregarious individual soon learns that his experience has its identical counterpart in the universal experience, and at length finds solace in the consciousness that his four years have at least left him better in one respect—and perhaps the most essential one—they have emptied him of many youthful prejudices and cleared his mind of many fallacies, have made him as an empty box—which some wise man has said to be the proper function of a college course—clean and open and ready to be filled. But the greatest solace of all he finds in the friendships formed, never to be broken.

And by no means the least valued friendships, from The Table's standpoint, are those formed during the past year with the various contributors to the college press. Here we have met those who in the coming years are to assist in building up, perhaps more than we at present realize, the literature of America. As we look back over the long line of LIT. editors who have preceded us, and see many of them now making names for themselves in the literary world—the Scribners, the Bridgeses, the Barneses—we are convinced that the men who are now writing those bright sketches for *The Harvard Advocate*, those artistic stories in *The University of Virginia Magazine*, and those delightful essays, stories, verse, reviews, etc., coming from Amherst, Dartmouth, Williams, Yale and a score more of colleges we might name, whose productions we have read from month to month with so much pleasure, will in a very few years be looked upon as among the foremost of America's writers.

*The University of Virginia Magazine*, in its December number, amply justifies such a prophecy. Its table of contents is seldom equaled in our college Lits. The Table has read the number from cover to cover with unflagging interest, which is more than he can say of any other magazine this month. More particularly, "The Romance of a Beauty," by J. H. H., is exceedingly well written, and none the worse for a touch of satire. In "Fool or Coward" the interest is sustained throughout. The style is charming and the choice of words exceedingly happy. An old plot, it brings up once more the question of whether or not circumstances can justify suicide. In The Table's humble opinion, neither solution (fool or coward) is adequate. The title "Fool and Coward" would have been far more appropriate. "The Pathologist's Report," by Harold Stuart Acheson, is sad, but cleverly told, while "My Friend—Arthur Dibrell," by Milton Bronner, is exceedingly artistic in spots. The one essay of the

number, "Originality in Fiction," by Peirce Bruns, is well done,—clear, forceful and elegant, and the content stimulating. We shall hope for more of the same kind from the same pen. The verse compares favorably with other college poetry.

TO MARIE.

*Je t'aime, Marie*, I fondly say:  
At last there comes the close of day,  
At last there comes the time of dew,  
At last I tell my love for you.  
Oh, love me, lady, while you may!

"I love you, dearest, while I may."  
Oh, could you but those few words say  
To happy make your lover true!  
*Je t'aime, Marie.*

See, dear, on bended knees I pray.  
I pray you not to tell me nay!  
*Ma belle*, with eyes so dark of hue,  
Let me not long for favor sue,  
But let us love for aye and aye!  
*Je t'aime, Marie.*

E. D. A.

The Table is surprised and pained to observe the inexcusable neglect which characterises the typographical make-up of the January number of the *Amherst Lit.* The *Amherst* has been heretofore one of the most neatly gotten up of our college magazines, and The Table has frequently in the past held it up as a model of neatness for others to imitate. This month, however, its Editors seem to have neglected altogether the reading of the proof. Little or no regard is given to commas and periods, paragraphing is crude, and the whole aspect of the number is exceedingly "hashy." So much for typography. When we turn to the content, we are glad to observe a good story from W. C. Holman, "The Yoke of Inauspicious Stars," and an unusually sound discussion of the function of the college magazine, in "The Mail Bag." By all means let *entertainment* be our primal purpose, not "useful information." As the writer expresses it—

"If, as it must be allowed, the chances are overwhelmingly against a college writer's producing a work of any real value, whether literary or informing, is it not better to bestow one's attempts on purely literary writing, where the results are more beneficial to both reader and writer, than to grind out heavy pages on "solid" themes that will lie unread and uninteresting until moth and rust shall have finished their work on the hapless periodical? And more than the uselessness of such effort, it seems to us that there are fields very well adapted to the genius of college writing, where that spirit can erect monuments, if not useful and enduring, at least pleasing."

Philip Jacob Gentner's essay on "The Value of Verse in the Drama," (in *The Harvard Monthly*) illustrates the point. Every college writer should read it. Let us have more essays of this light and airy style, instead of

the solid and wooden work that too often cumbers our pages, and those pages will not then remain uncut very long. This essay puts to flight the last Philistine—not because of its dulness, but rather because of its convincing argument. Too much stress cannot be laid on the fact that art production, in whatever form—whether sculpture, painting, music, poetry, or the novel forsooth—must have as its primary aim the *enjoyment* of the individual, and the moment it attempts directly to influence his *will*, it loses its title to pure art.

*The Yale Lit.* for January has several readable light essays, but is entirely devoid of stories, if we except "Kentucky Politics," which hardly reaches the dignity implied in the term story, but is rather a realistic sketch of a spicy bit of political life—very good, indeed, as a sketch. The essays, however, are not without considerable merit. "The Evolution of the Bluff," by Burton J. Hendrick, is an amusing morsel of gossip, whose truth every college man will at once appreciate; "Scotch Song-Writing in the XVIIIth Century," has considerable literary and historic merit, and "The Might of the Weed," by Edwin Sidney Oviatt, is a strange jumble of odds and ends having little or no connection with the "weed;" evidently the work of an omniverous reader with a poor literary digestion, who attempts to say nothing in particular and succeeds admirably. Yet his random shafts of satire, whether they hit anybody in particular or not, cannot fail to provoke an occasional smile. The wit is not at all bad.

The verse of the month seems to The Table hardly up to its usual merit. *The Harvard Advocate*, however, can, as usual, be depended upon.

TO H. G. B.

*Five months and one week old.*

AS down in the corner of this immense chair  
You sit, dear small boy, with our wisacre air,  
Despite your solemnity I've not a doubt  
That you've not an idea what you're thinking about.

Your mother has placed you and straightened your hands,—  
I can tell by your gazing the spot where she stands  
Just outside the photograph,—does it seem far?  
Oh, you've not an idea how happy you are!

With your little fat cheeks and your soft little down  
And your half-open mouth and your dainty white gown,  
I'm sure we worldings should bow at your feet,  
Fou you've not an idea that you're pretty and sweet.

*Louis How.*

## BOOK TALK.

"The light of our cigarettes /  
Went and came in the gloom;  
It was dark in the little room.

"Dark, and then in the dark,  
Sudden, a flash, a glow,  
And a hand and a ring I know.

"And then, through the dark, a flush,  
Ruddy and vague, the grace—  
A rose—of her lyric face."

—Arthur Symonds.

YES, my friend, you are right. That is not a "pastel in prose"; it is a pastel in verse (although it would never do to call it "poetry"). I half suspect, too, that you are wondering what it all means. I confess that I do not know. I confess, also, that I have never been able to discover just what a "pastel" is. Search the dictionaries and you will find no mention of such a thing, although the name has been common enough in France for a good many years. Read Miss Wilkins' labored pen-pictures, and you will imagine that a pastel in prose may be defined as "a trifling topic which lacks complexity and needs little more than a very moderate space," which, at best, is an unsatisfactory definition. And, if Miss Wilkins' vague absurdities are to be the type, what shall we say of Mr. Brander Matthews' pastels? Something more than a year ago two of these appeared in *Harper's* (one of them bearing the equally enigmatical title of a "cameo"). They were, in fact, extended sketches, utterly lacking in plot, largely descriptive, decidedly realistic, and about as different from Miss Wilkins' pastels as it were possible for anything to be. If you care to pursue the question further, you will learn that Mr. Goese once wrote some unusually good reviews which he labeled pastels, and M. Bourget, I am told, has published a number of rather dubious stories which also go by the same generic name. Assuredly there is a vast difference of opinion upon the matter. It seems as difficult for people to decide what a pastel is or is not as it is for them to agree upon the real character of that sweet but thoroughly bad girl whose exquisite left foot was the pride of the *Quartier Latin*.

In one of Miss Agnes Repplier's delightful essays, I find the following definition: A pastel, she says, is an "unrhymed, unrhythmical, yet highly poetic composition, in the execution of which the French have shown such singular felicity and grace." The reason of it is that the pastel, as is pretty generally understood, is distinctively a French literary form. It has the French spirit—that delicacy and crispness which comes



natural to men like Hugo, but when imitated by ambitious writers in England and America is invariably betrayed by its foreign accent. And it is because this too common fault is so glaringly apparent in the latest collection of "pastels in prose" with which the American public has been inflicted, that it may be worth our while to glance for a moment at Mr. William Sharp's *Vistas*.\*

It is well that the book has a preface. Were it not for this we might forever remain in dense ignorance of the important fact that all of them are "vistas into the inner life of the human soul—psychic episodes. One or two are directly autopsychical, others are renderings of dramatically conceived impressions of spiritual emotions \* \* \* \*". But enough of this. Read the "vistas" themselves. Do you perceive in them "an English reflection of the Maeterlinckian fire"? I admit that I do not; but that is because I have only a vague notion of what the Maeterlinckian fire is. However, let me quote a passage at random:

"From the blackness beyond swells the long, thunderous howl of a lioness, echoing the hollow blasting roar of a lion standing, with eyes of yellow flame, on the summit of the mass of smooth rock that faces the carved Madonna.

"And when the dawn breaks, and long lines of pearl-gray wavelets ripple in a flood athwart the black-green sweep of the forest, there is sought upon the pedestal but red flowers that once were white, rent and scattered this way and that. The cool wind moving against the east ruffles the opaline flood into a flying foam of pink, wherefrom mists and vapors rise on wings like rosy flames; and as they rise, their crests shine as with blazing gold, and they fare forth after the Morn that leaps towards the Sun."

Ay! Such tricks hath strong fancy! But really, it is delightful, is it not? Mr. Sharp would have us know that at such times his imagination is soaring in the "vague, misty, beautiful borderlands" between prose and poetry; but I very much fear that with contemplating ghosts and phantoms of death and lost souls, like Hamlet, "he waxes desperate with imagination," and colors his pastels with a yellow, jaundiced tone that is as unhealthy as it is unpleasant. If we are to take *A Northern Night* and *The Passing of Lilith* as types, it would be well for us to preserve a discreet silence as to the moral tone of the book; but there are other "vistas" which it would be unfair to condemn on that account. The reason of it is that they are so utterly unintelligible that the moral tone is never for a moment apparent. However, it is quite evident that the majority of these "vistas" were never written for respectable young women to read. We congratulate the publishers upon limiting the edition to six hundred copies.

Read *Vistas* if you will. Perhaps you are fond of that sort of thing. Perhaps you like tales tinged with wan sentiment—melancholy scenes from the dreary drama of existence. But I think you will soon tire of it. You will gasp for a breath of fresh air, and after a little you will be

\**Vistas*. By William Sharp. (Chicago: Stone & Kimball).



glad to turn to one of Mr. Page's pretty southern stories,\* and for one brief half-hour fill your mind with sweet visions of the old quiet days before the war. There's humor in the book—humor of the right sort; honest, healthy and bright, with no taint of cynicism. Pathos there is, too; but it is the pathos which makes you a little better than you were, a little kindlier toward your fellow-men. And above all, you feel that the Christmas spirit is in the air—a spirit of goodwill and whole-souled hospitality which we cold-blooded Northerners have never quite understood.

And then there is the old Colonel himself. What if now and then he does get in a towering rage? He's always ready to apologize—more likely is it that he'll forget all about it the next day. We forgive him for his too frequent mint juleps, and we forgive him for losing his temper and using language which shocks the gentle Polly. Yes, we forgive it all; for beneath his gruff exterior he has the tenderest heart in the world. You remember when "Drinkwater Torm" explained that he had not "teched a drap in Gord knows how long?" The Colonel, you know, cut him short.

"Get out of the room, you drunken vagabond!" he roared.

"Torm was deeply offended. He made a low, grand bow, and with as much dignity as his unsteady condition would admit, marched very statelily from the room, and passing out through the dining-room, where he stopped to abstract only one more drink from the long, heavy, cut-glass decanter on the sideboard, meandered to his house in the back yard, where he proceeded to talk religion to Charity, his wife, as he always did when he was particularly drunk. He was expounding the vision of the golden candlestick, and the bowl and seven lamps and two olive trees, when he fell asleep."

A long time after, when the plantation was ablaze with Christmas, and when the Colonel had completely forgotten the threats and imprecations he had so often hurled at poor Torm, you remember how "Torm, steadying himself against the sideboard, delivered a discourse on peace on earth and good-will to men so powerful and so eloquent that the Colonel, delighted, rose and drank his health, and said: 'Damme if I ever sell him again!'" And you may be sure that the old Colonel kept his word.

Leave the life of the Southern plantation, cross hundreds of miles to the far North; glance for a moment at Mr. Gilbert Parker's Canadian tales,\* and learn something of the adventures of *Pretty Pierre* and his people. Cordial and hearty, Mr. Parker presents life with no taint of despondency, and through all the stories there runs a note of frank good-will that is delightfully refreshing. And there is pathos, too. Indeed, the tone of perhaps the greater number of the stories is one of exquisite sadness; but it is a sadness permeated with such an open-

\**Polly: A Christmas Recollection.* By Thomas Nelson Page. (New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

\**Pierre and His People: Tales of the Far North.* By Gilbert Parker. (Chicago: Stone & Kimball.)

hearted sympathy that any suspicion of morbidity is entirely wanting. I know of few more touching descriptions than that of the death of Antoine on the island of St. Jean. The first sentences run:

"Antoine had sung his last song. He had waked in the night with a start of pain, and by the time the sun was halting at noon above the Rose-Tree Mine, he had begun a journey, the record of which no man has ever truly told, neither its beginning nor its end; because that which is of the spirit refuseth to be interpreted by the flesh. Some signs there be, but they are brief and shadowy; the awe of It is hidden in the mind of him that goeth out lonely unto God."

And yet, at times, the author's imagination leads him into paths not so healthful; for the *Crimson Flag* presents a picture where the minor chord is much too prominent and unnatural. But this is only occasional. Like the glance of the "scarlet hunter's" eye, there is something in his imagination which is fantastic, masterful; he takes us away to the land of the *voyageur* and the *courier de bois*, and reveals to us "the throbbing soul of the North."

He does not attempt to give us a history of these people. It is "their romances, the near narrative of individual lives," that he seeks to portray—"to feel his way toward the heart of that life." But this "Far North" is not the land of the Hudson Bay Company. The poetry and fairy picturesqueness of these tales expresses much that is true to the general heart of humanity. But it does not, nor can it pretend to represent the daily life of the Northern trader or adventurer.

Yes; Mr. Parker is something of an idealist—sometimes very much of an idealist. But he strikes a chord which finds an echo in our hearts, and he strikes it with a master hand. He carries us along with him in complete sympathy. More after the style of Hawthorne than any other of our novelists, his tales are often studies rather than stories—they are lacking, at times, in development and climax of plot. But in description, character delineation, and an insight into the thoughts and ideals and passions of man, there is the touch of nature that "makes the whole world kin."

Far away from this northland, across many miles of sea, and under the shadow of the Scottish Highlands, there has appeared another writer who claims allegiance to the school of Stevenson and Barrie and Crockett. Ian Maclaren\* comes out of Perthshire, and he has given us a number of tales of the simple, direct sort "that comes natural to Scotchmen bred on the Shorter Catechism and Robert Burns" (to borrow a phrase from Mr. Bridges). He has followed the fashion created by Mr. Barrie in *A Window in Thrums*, and you are led to wonder whether the thing is not likely to be overdone once in a while. But the simplicity of the book is its charm, and woven through it there are delightful bits of poetic fancy, and an abiding love for the braes of bonnie Scotland. Translated into English the rough Scotch dialect would seem coarse and vulgar, but the "cunning speech of Drumtochty" gives color to the nar-

\**Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*. By Ian Maclaren. (New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.)

ative, and because it is done well, our ear is caught by the quaint sound and we are willing to read the stories through.

There's humor in the book, but it is of the grim sort. As the old grave-digger once remarked (a man in whom the serious side had perhaps been abnormally developed)—“Ye can hae little rael plesure in a merrige, for ye never ken hoo it will end; but there's nae risk about a 'beerial.'” You see, the parish of Drumtochty had a genius for funerals, and its people were of a gloomy turn of mind, with natures suffused with the good old spirit of Scotch Presbyterianism. And when you have finished the book, you will have become familiar with some of these sturdy characters, and perhaps you will learn to love some of them even if at times you half suspect their heroism is a little more than a kind of inherent obstinacy.

In Somersetshire, a good many miles south of Drumtochty, there is an ancient manor-house which has about it the flavor of old English aristocracy. In Sir Edward Strachey's *Talk at a Country House*,\* the old Squire rambles on in a quiet, genial way, and he tells you a number of interesting facts on a variety of queer topics—on Persian poetry and folk-lore; and arrowhead inscriptions and marriage and love. It is all very amusing, but you feel that it is sometimes a little artificial. It is hard to write naturally in the dialogue form; and while you feel sure that Sir Edward has done a good deal of reading in his day, yet when he tries to put the result of that reading into the mouths of his characters, the effect is quite too formal. Quotations fly recklessly about—so many of them and some of them so long, that you are fearfully impressed with the prodigious memories and the general omniscience of the old Squire and his friend. But there's a world of good humor beneath the seriousness, and at times a faint suggestion of Chesterfield's letters—though I would hesitate long before venturing to offer a comparison between the two.

And now for something of a very different nature. You will be interested in *Prince Henry the Navigator*† because it gives you a comprehensive view of a great world-movement which in these days we are far too likely to forget. There is a strong tendency among casual students of history to become blinded by the brilliance of great conquerors and mighty monarchs, and to pass by the very heart and soul of that era of discovery which lent a stimulus to all European civilization. The story of Prince Henry is told in a simple, straightforward way. It is a sketch of the gradual rise and development of geographical knowledge and enterprise during the centuries of subservience to the wild and fanciful conjectures of Ptolemy, and of the way in which this development was continued into the fifteenth century, when Prince Henry of Portugal

\**Talk at a Country House*. By Sir Edward Strachey, Bart. (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

†*Prince Henry the Navigator*. By C. Raymond Beazley, M. A., F. R. G. S. (New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

took the initiative in those movements which tended toward courageous and independent investigation. The life of Prince Henry was a vital factor in the progress of the world; and while we sing the praises of Columbus and Magellan and the Cabots, it would be well for us not to forget him who was the forerunner and teacher of them all—

"The Lusitanian Prince who, heaven inspired,  
To love of useful glory roused mankind  
And in unbounded commerce mixed the world."

Mr. Watson's new volume of *Odes and Other Poems*\* contains some of his best work, and indicates a return to the normal path of development from which *The Eloping Angels*, with its somewhat hazardous levity, marked so unfortunate a departure. Mr. Watson, unlike many of our younger poets, has not broken away from old methods and tried to set a new fashion of his own; for he says,

"\* \* \* If our lute obey  
A mode of yesterday  
'Tis that we deem 'twill prove to-morrow's mode as well."

But the strength of this poet lies in his manly seriousness, his sentiment of moral beauty; and the sonnet *To One Who Had Written in Derision of the Belief in Immortality* is one of his finest and most characteristic pieces. Sometimes there is a classical turn to his verse, once or twice he has imitated the early madrigal writers with rare taste and feeling. And yet there is at times a too evident striving after effect. Words long obsolete are brought into play, partly to fill out the rhyme, partly to give the verse an air of picturesqueness. There is, too, a good deal of writing of the sentimental sort, which sometimes borders very closely upon the ridiculous. A poet may be moved to liken his lady's lady's mouth to a "rose-wreathed porch of pearl," but that kind of thing falls very flat when put into cold type.

I confess that I am somewhat unappreciative, perhaps prejudiced, possibly unjust; for I understand that Mr. Watson's name was proposed at one time for the Laureateship of England—and that, you will admit, was undoubtedly a very great compliment. But whatever else you may think of these *Odes*, you will be sure to find in them a sound and healthy tone. We of Princeton are told often enough that what is needed nowadays above everything else is "adult male verse"; and if I am not much mistaken, there is a good deal of that sort in this book of Mr. Watson's. But the poetry in Mr. More's *Great Refusal* † is sadly deficient in this respect. There is a chord of unutterable sadness, of vain longing,

\**Odes and Other Poems*. By William Watson. (New York: Macmillan & Co., 66 Fifth Ave.) Price \$1.25.

† *The Great Refusal—Letters of a Dreamer in Gotham*. Edited by Paul Elmer More. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

running through it all; and at times sentimentalism runs riot over the pages, and you wonder whether the divinely fair young woman, to whom the poems are addressed, does not become surfeited with these perennial valentines. But verse plays but a minor rôle in the book. The prose has all the charm that an easy, graceful, often dreamy, style can lend to it. He is a bit of a star-gazer, I fear. Caught by a stray fancy, he writes a sonnet; he is inspired by the freshness of returning spring, transported by the beauty of a summer night, and gazes in rapture upon the fleecy white clouds scudding before the wind in a winter twilight. You forget your prosaic New York, and insensibly you are lifted from earth and your mind is filled with vague, sweet visions. If you are wafted to lower Broadway, it is not to be jostled in the hurried throng which ceaselessly flows to and fro; but you turn your back upon the great city, shut out from your ears its deafening roar, and dreamily wander beneath the gray shadows of Old Trinity. And not till the clang of a cable-car or the blast of a river-tug breaks harshly in upon your senses do you realize that it is only the vain imaginings of an idealist that have brought you hither to teach you that "life is but a dream whose shapes return."

Now and then there creep into his letters strange memories of his winter in Greece, or his summer in India and the land of the Celestials; and more than once he is moved to tune his verse to the sound of Pan's pipes. Occasionally he preaches a sermon—but he does you the kindness to let you know beforehand (as so few of our novelists, especially our women novelists, have the honesty to do!) And if, perchance, you are not of the church-going kind, you will pass them by; but I can assure you that you will miss a good deal. They are not heavy, not somniferous; they are short and bright and fanciful—very different from the sermons you would have heard had you been a student at Princeton but a few years ago. Or perhaps it is that buried in the dusty tomes of mediæval clerks, this "dreamer of Gotham" finds in the world of monkish musings a subtle fascination which tinges his letters with an old-time coloring.

You see he is an idealist; yet he is one whose ideals are not always the highest. For he denies the very existence of moral excellence, and in a tone whose bitterness is none too well concealed he would have you know that the aim of the philosopher is not morality but isolation. He has wasted his life in the vapors of oriental mysticism; but his mystical impracticability has drawn us for a time from our sordid, workaday life.

In his criticism of Thackeray and the English novel, Mr. Taine asks :

"What is a novelist? In my opinion he is a psychologist, who naturally and involuntarily sets psychology at work; he is nothing else, nor more. He loves to picture feelings, to perceive their connections, their precedents, their consequences; and he indulges in this pleasure. In his eyes they are forces, having various directions and magnitudes. \* \* \* His whole effort is to \* \* \* raise us out of ourselves by the force of his creations. We recognize art in this creative power, impartial and universal as nature, freer and more potent than nature, taking up the rough-drawn or disfigured work of its rival in order to correct its faults and give effect to its conceptions."

It is in this sense and only in this sense that *Without Dogma*\* may be considered a novel. It is, above everything else, a psychological study. The stage is not crowded with personages. The chief interest is in a single character, and the forces with which he has to contend do not come from without; they arise within him; the struggle is between the man and his soul. But it is no easy task to portray a character such as that of Leon Ploczowski. His nature is a complicated one; he is worn out, sensitive, nervous. His scepticism debars him from all firm convictions; he looks, observes, criticises, sometimes fancies he has grasped an essential truth, but he is ready always to doubt even that. And yet his scepticism brings him no satisfaction—only pain and distress and a passionate longing for something which he feels he has not. He is not a heroic character. Rather is he the creature of circumstances—a Hamlet, let us say, of the nineteenth century. He is a man apart from the world. His life is one of unproductiveness, of inaction, because he analyzes and philosophizes away every strong emotion that would lead to action. To him not merely the times but his race, all mankind even, are out of joint; and folding the mantle of his pessimism about him he drags out a melancholy existence which ends in hopeless agnosticism.

But the tremendous power of the book is shown when the cultivated pessimist, "without dogma," discovers that the strongest and most genuine emotion of his life is his love for another man's wife. The idea is not new—fully two-thirds of the modern French novels deal with this theme. We know exactly how the conventional, respectable British novel would treat of it. But here is a treatment which is bold, original, unconventional. The character of the woman stands out in splendid contrast to the man; the simplicity, strength, truth and faith of her nature are the antidote for his doubt and weakness. And yet he is an agnostic to the end—

"I have every qualification," he says, "to render myself a well-satisfied, cheerful animal; but I cannot always be satisfied with that. It is said the Slav temperament has a tendency towards mysticism. I have noticed that our greatest writers and poets end by becoming mystics. It is not surprising that lesser minds should be now and then troubled. As to myself, I feel obliged to take notice of those inward struggles in order to get a faithful image of myself. Perhaps I feel also the want of justifying myself before my own conscience. . . . I keep religious observances for the simple reason that I long to believe, and since the sweet teaching of my childhood tells me that faith is a gift of grace, I am waiting for that grace. I am waiting that it may be given unto me; that my soul may believe unquestioningly, even as it believed in childhood."

Whatever else you may say, the characters are terribly real. Love them or hate them, you cannot for a moment doubt that they are alive. But it is not realism. To the cry of "Paint life as it is and nothing more," Sienkiewicz has turned a deaf ear; nor have his sympathies been won by those romanticists who, far from the madding crowd,

\* *Without Dogma*. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.)



look upon life as "weary, stale, flat, unprofitable." No; it is not Realism or Romanticism, it is Realism and Romanticism. He has worked out the problem of the modern novel so as to satisfy the most ardent realist, but he has worked it out upon broadly human lines; for neither Realism nor Romance alone will ever, with its small plummet, sound to its depths the human heart or its mystery.

#### SHORTER NOTICES.

POPULAR SCIENTIFIC LECTURES. BY ERNET MACH. (Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co.)

In this collection of lectures are garnered the intellectual fruits of one of the foremost scientific careers of Europe. They are distinguished from the usual works of this class by their simplicity and frankness. The reader is not overawed here by the mysticism or the abstruseness of results; but on the contrary, is led clearly to see how close is the relationship between the thought of science and that of common life. Added to the charm of simplicity is that life and freshness which comes from contact with the actual sources of science and not from its dead traditions.

A DAUGHTER OF JUDAS. BY RICHARD HENRY SAVAGE. (Chicago: F. T. Neely, Publisher.)

The publishers were kind enough to send us a "literary note" on this masterpiece of modern fiction. We read the "note" and consequently were saved the trouble of reading through the book. The "note" says: "Its fifteen chapters deal with New York City and its restless personal activities, with the usual dramatic incidents involving motive, character and resulting moral effects"—whatever that may mean. "The whole work teems with brilliant presentments of the side scenes of the life which drives the reckless 'high livers' of New York City ashore on reefs of ruin."

Yes, New York is a bad, wicked place; but may the hour come when a third-rate writer of fiction will not feel constrained to embody its rottenness in an unwholesome novel.

CAMPAIGNS OF CURIOSITY. BY ELIZABETH L. BANKS. (Chicago: F. J. Neely, Publisher.)

A collection of an American girl's journalistic experiences in England—"a flashing exposé," we are told, "of London snobbery and servant slavery!"

THE BOOK OF JOB (Revised Version with the American Reviser's preferences incorporated). EDITED BY SAMUEL MACAULAY JACKSON, D. D., LL.D. (New York: Maynard, Merrill & Co.)



## BOOKS TO BE REVIEWED.

**MY STUDY FIRE** (Second Series). By HAMILTON WRIGHT MARIE.  
(New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.)

**RIVERBY.** By JOHN BURROUGHS. (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

**GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.** By EDWARD CARY (American Men of Letters Series). (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

**RHYTHM AND HARMONY IN POETRY AND MUSIC.** By GEORGE L. RAYMOND, L.H.D. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

**IN MAIDEN MEDITATION.** By E. V. A. (Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.)

**WOMAN IN EPIGRAM.** By FREDERICK W. MORTON. (Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.)

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